

THE BROWNISTS FAITH AND BELIEFE OPENED.

669. f. 4
119 67

Some that pretend most Faith, have least, who say,
That their Beliefe is pure, yet will not pray
I believe

This illegitimate Sect is neither just
In their owne way, nor will impose their trust

A Spirit, which can guide them, they have got,
They'l grant no other conduct, who know not
In God,
The Father Almighty

They'l make a Chaos of the Church, to see,
(Their errours being compos'd) whether he be
Maker of Heaven

Thus they tempt their Creator, and dare say,
They are more holy, and not made of Clay,
And Earth,

They are inspir'd from Heaven, and thus they flout
The holy Scriptures, and with it play both out
and in

They'l grant no worship to our Lord, nor show
Any (though decent) reverence unto
Iesus

They will derive their names from Browne and Tom,
Nor doe they so care to extract it from
Christ

Pluto laughs at them, promising that he
Who will persist thus in that way, shall be
his only son

But (O!) illuminate their errours now
Father of Heaven, and Earth, and still be thou
our Lord,

What is not theirs, is Romes, and popish dross,
Hence came the tumult about Cheap-side Crosse
which was

Thus is our Church condemned without hope
To be reform'd, for 'twas (they say) byth' Pope
conceiv'd

They've bin so long from Church, that they've forgot,
But barnes and stables sure conceiv'd were not
by the Holy Ghost,

They hate the nomination of Masse,
Nor will they observe the rules of him that was
borne of the Virgin

They'l have no Brothers name be called Dave
Nor Sisters Mal, cause of the Romish Ave
Mary,

They're charitable, the naked they will see
Cover'd, and none (unlesse a Sister) now shall be
suffered under

Some will reforme religion, and some
To crucifie Christs Church, would even become
Pontiffs Pilate,

Some preach in tubs, that scarce become a chaire,
The Bishops primacie in Lambeth Faire
was crucified,

The publike Liturgie is condemn'd by most,
The Book of Common prayer is almost
dead and buried,

When Prophet Hunt did in the Gallery prate,
In Christ Church, and sent to Counter gate,
he descended

These Amsterdamian tunes which they doe sing
In Conventicles, will them shortly bring
into hell,

When Spencer preacht, and did his word fulfill,
He in his text continued untill
the third day

When Hunt came from the Counter, went agen
To the Old Exchange, and Westminster, O then
he rose againe

These speake by inspiration, and are wise,
Their Doctrin's dull, as if it did arise
from the dead,

When Hunt rose from his Coblers bulke, and teacht
His fond opinions in the Pulpit preacht,
he ascended

Those that will thus their soules health rashly venter,
To rob abused Levi, shall not enter
into heaven,

They are as fierce as Hercules with his Club,
The chiefe among them's placed in a tub,
and there he sitteth

At the left hand there sits a holy mother,
And there is likewise plac'd a purer brother
at the right hand

Thus are their new assemblies all abhorr'd,
And thus they doe prophane the sacred word
of God,

We live and move by him that sits on high,
Whom I acknowledge seriously to be
the Father Almighty,

Marler for preaching a Brownisticke text,
Was sent totin' Gatehouse, and to Tyburne next,
from thence he shall come,

But stay disturbers of the time, I know
Your manners, but who authorised you
to Judge

Retract your foolish rage, I humbly crave,
Doe not proceed to censure and deprave
both the quick and the dead

Why doe you nourish th' Amsterdamian brat,
For loe) tis not your sect confusive that
I believe in

Thou Brownianisme that our religion mainst,
Thou often dost protect the sinne against
the holy Ghost,

He that can teach five houres inspir'd from high,
Denying Common-prayer Booke shall be
the holy

Most words of popish Monuments are fram'd,
Religions Romish too, if it be nam'd
Catholike

A Church to them's Apocrypha, a tree,
A Barn, or Stable they esteeme to be
Church

When the brethren, sisters, and brownistick Elves
Doe meet together, they then call themselves
The Communion of Saints

They'l not confesse, nor yet absolve, they'l be
Competitors for the truth, and so deny
the forgiveness of sinnes

When they should exercise their talent, and do move
By the Spirit to a sister, oh then they love
the resurrection of the body,

Since they such obscure places will inherit,
Denying all good workes, they cannot merit
the life everlasting.

And since they'r led by the Spirit, oh then wirhall,
May th' Spirit lead them unto Tyburne all.
Amen.